

But the little brown house by the road
Is lonely now and still,
For Robin is dead, and Alice is wed,
And Louie must bide at the mill;
Father is gray and silent,
And the mother's foot is slow,

And you hear the clock, with its faint tick-tock As you could not long ago.

The little brown house by the road, From the swift train flashing by, I watch it stand in the quiet land, Under the quiet sky;

From the time of the golden daisies
To the hour of the failing leaves,
From the time of seed to the waving mead,
And the flush of the ripened sheaves.

The little brown house by the road,
When I passed it yester e'en,
Sudden and sweet it laughed to greet
My dyes with a dazzling sheen;
There were lamps in the twinkling windows,
I knew as I rattled past
That the fire was bright on the hearth alight,
And the children home at last.

To the little brown house by the road Had come Thanksgiving Day, Had come Thanksgiving Day, And the wintry air, if they felt it there, Had the tender warmth of May

The father's tongue was loosened,
And the mother's laugh was clear,
For the chrism of love was poured above
The home in the waning year. The little brown house by the road— Oh! mother, old and gray, Honest and true they return to you, The children who went away; and Rex, who is off in the army,

And Archie, afar on the sea, Never forget the tasks they were set, At home, by the mother's knee. From little brown homes by the road.

The strength of our land is brought,
Paying their way from day to day,
Simple and pure in thought.
The chord of a grand Thanksgiving
From homes like this ascends,
To the glory of One beyond the sun,
Whose kingdom payers and

MOLLIE HARTNER'S RING.

e kingdom never ends. ret E. Sangster, in Demorest's Monthly.

sant Little Story of Thanksgiving Day.



eathered creatures were tamer, more con-ding and more interesting than at any ther period of their lives, on the principle, suppose, that "blessings brighten as they size their flight." "You poor dear!" Mollie said, in a con templative tone, as she patted the bobbing head of the great handsome turkey already marked for the sacrifice, you shall have all you die. It's just

"She's jest you over ag'in, Maria, as you looked when I come a courtin', like Sanford Stiles is a doin' neow. Hullo! Talk of angels an' you heer the rustlin' of their wings. Ain't this middlin' airly for you,

"Yes, sir," answered the new comer, in somewhat shame-faced manner, "I was ast passing this way, and I thought I'd top in and ask you if the fall-plowing—the -the corn—the"—

"Yes! it's out there in the gard'n. Go ite through. Mollie's feedin' it to the sowls. She'll tell you the pertikelers her-

The visitor hurried out through the side ioor, and the farmer started in another direction; but before he went he inquired "Say, Maria, was I ever sich a pesky fool

as that chap when I come a-courtin' you!"
"Worse," answered Miss Hartner, gravely; "an' you ain't got over it yet, 'Lisha."
But the twinkle in her eye told that she
was a partner in his foolishness.

I began to tell you what a pretty picture dollie Hartner made, standing like another Ruth, "breast high amid the corn." She was such a sweet, wholesome, well-made girl, with the rich, ripe, harvest color of a seek-no-further apple in her round, dimpled cheeks, and as she stood there with all her soft, dark hair wind-blown, and the color of the skies matched in her great blue orbs, you would go further and look far to find any thing as fair as she. So thought the any thing as fair as she. So thought the lover as he stepped softly upon the scene, coming to give her a surprise.

As if she did not know! She had heard his foot at the front gate, heard his bungling speech to her father.

"Oh, lover's eyes are sharp to see!

And lover's ears in hearing."

But she went on all the harder feeding her faithful roultry, and only that the color.

her faithful poultry, and only that the color spread from cheek to brow and the dim-ples twinkled in a delicious confusion of smothered laughter, the demure Mollie knew nothing of aught but her feathered

And the lover feasted his eyes. She had and the lover leasted his eyes. She had on a simple blue gown, with a white fichu tied about her shapely shoulders; but how fair, how fair she looked to him. I do not think myself that lovers' eyes are hypercritical in regard to the colors their beloved ques wear. If Mollie had worn redard vellow or same green it would be and wellow or same green it. and-yellow or sage-green it would have been all the same to Sanford Stiles. She

That e'er the sun shone on." He was not ill-looking himself in his straight, sturdy manhood. As he ap-proached Mollie he held something in his proached Mollie ne neid something in hand, a tiny box, which he regarded with a somewhat divided attention. Stealthly creeping nearer, he took that which the box in his thumb and fingers, and extended his arm, intending to reach it over her shoulder—when—sh-o-o-o!—out flew a a dog—bis own well-trained and beloved cur, who, with dogful fidelity, had tracked his master's footsteps. Every fowl in the yard rose in revolt, and filled the air with a squaking clamor, and one flerce old hen flew into Sanford Stiles' face and near-ly knocked him breathless. The tempest subsided nearly as soon as it arose, and then Mollie laughed heartily at her lovers' discomfiture. He did not respond, but dropped on his knees and began to search

"What have you lost?" she inquired, when she could talk for laughing,
"The ring—your ring. That confounded
hen knocked it out of my hand." "My — our engagement-ring! Oh, San-ford! and I have not even seen it yet."

Without a moment's hesitation she threw a pitcher of water over him. He gasped and sputtered. "That was what I came so early for. I "Oh, won't I pay you for that!" he ex-only got it marked last night. I went to claimed, as soon as he got his breath.

town on purpose. It must be here some-where," and he began groping over the

ground.

This was no laughing matter. Their mo tions attracted the attention of the whole family, each member proffering help in the search. Was there ever such an awkward limax to a love affair? Their engage had not yet been openly announced, and here the youngest child had to hear the story how Sanford Stiles had bought a ring

for Mollie and lost it!

"Don't believe he ever had a ring," said her cousin Sam, who wanted her himself.
"He's just pretending to get out of buying "I'll make him eat his words!" retorted

the irate lover, stopping long enough to glare at his rival. "Was it a dimont wing?" asked the

"Was it a dimont wing?" asked the youngest tot of the tribe.
Father and mother joined in the search. Mollie, red and distressed, at last gave it up. "It's such bad luck!" she suggested to her mother, in a tearful voice.

Very good people are given to superstition, and there are few who will not sympathize with the lovers who are so unfortunate as to lose their suggestment. Ting. pathize with the lovers who are so unfort-unate as to lose their engagement-ring.
"It's a goner!" said Mollie's brother Bob,
a horrid boy of ten. "When I give my girl
a ring I ain't a-goin' inter no ten-acre lot to
dew it. Ef you'd had enny sense, Moll,
you'd have grabbed it quick."

Poor Mollie! She was just ready to cry,

and she disappeared from the scene, and her lover went home when he had, as Bob "I dare say it's right here under a bit of

grass or the leaves somewhere. It didn't have wings. Bob, I'll give you a silver dollar if you'll find it." "Done," said Bob, with a wicked look "Please describe it."

"Please describe it."

"Why, you ain't expecting to find a harvest of rings, air ye?" asked his father.

"How can I tell if it's his? I ain't goin'

to find no strange rings. Neow, is it gold or brass, Mister Stiles!"

or brass, Mister Stiles?"

"It's a plain, wide gold band, and it's got Mollie-Mollie"—

"Go on," prompted Bob, as the unhappy lover came to a full stop.

"Mollie, darling!" and with that he waited not upon the order of his going, but went at once, leaving Bob doubled up with convulsions of uncanny laughter.

"Pay in advance," called the graceless youngster after the retreating lover.

youngster after the retreating lover.

But, to do Bob justice, he really did search every inch of the ground over, and found no end of things—a disabled ladybug, a four-leaved clover, a rusty jack-knife lost months previous—but no sign of any engagement, ring

knife lost months previous—but no sign of any engagement-ring.

"Told you so! He didn't hev enny, Sho? Mollie, I'll get you a ring with sapphiras and rubbies in it if ye'll jest say so," said her cousin Sam.

But Mollie scorned him and his offer, and that night she cried herself to sleep.

A week passed, and Thanksgiving Day came. It was a day of days. Farmer Hartner came of good Puritan stock, and the fires of patriotism burned in his soul. He had given one son to his country, and he

had given one son to his country, and he would have given ten if he had them, and the country needed them. In a family with such a head, a National Holiday means something more than an observance of the letter of the feast; it means the whole spirit. The best turkeys, the fairest chick-ens, the tenderest ducks, were laid on the sacrificial altar. Friends and neighbors



A PRETTY PICTURE. were invited in. Old "Gran'ther Hartner," who "fit" in the war of Mexico, was present "to shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won." "Uncle Dan'l," shame. If you had only died when you who had the California fever, and began every speech with: "In '40, sir," was always an invited guest, and the long extension table in the eating-room was eked out ith side auxiliaries until it resembled the banquet-board of a grove convention. And when the company sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner, there wasn't a hand's space of the white table-cloth visible. It

was completely covered with what, in mod-ern parlance, we would call "edibles," but which the farmer designated "as good, Mollie and likes to hear her voice. She's a purty good-lookin' girl, too, hey, mother. She favors you."

Mrs. Hartner took her hands out of the dishwater and looked over her husband's shoulder.

"She ain't humb y," she admitted, "but I allus thought she took after your side of the bones. Like a "but I allus thought she took after your side of the was going that very varying to need to the real points. The same to marry a cousin, and he was going that very varying to need to the real points.

was going that very evening to pro-pose to Ella Dunlap, the Wayne County heart-smasher, who had signified that "Barkis was willin!" And Mollie—but what had come to Mollie? Her cheeks were redder than any dog-

rose that ever bloomed. The dimples twinkled like sister stars, and her eyes were filled with suppressed laughter, and such a wicked, knowing look, that Bob sked several times:

"What be you a-gigglin' at, Moll?" The older ones were too much absorbed in admiration of the viands to do much talking. There was that great, brown, richness, and sending out whiffs of sage and onions every time the iron entered its soul. And there was a great steaming chicken-pie, with a rose on the top made of the crust. And several brace of roasted duck; and bowls of cranberry sauce; and mince and pumpkin pies; and toothsome doughnuts. And trays of bread cut in generous slices; bread that was made with care and "salt-risin," and, oh dear! I could not give an inventory of all the good things if I tried to, or describe the varied qualities that made the occasion one to be remembered. But there was one incident that was of moment to at least two per-sons present. Sanford Stiles was seated opposite Mollic. He did not get there until ier was on the table, or he would have een down at the far end among the boys, and remote from Mollie, on the prin xisting nearly every where-that lovers



THE STURDY LOVER. nust be made as uncomfortable as possible He could only telegraph with his eyes, but he did that to such good effect that Mollie put sugar on her turkey and salt into her coffee, and would never have known it but for that scamp Bob. And then, as bad luck would have it, Granther Hartner, who is quite deaf, began to ask questions.
"Seen ye outen the garding a-huntin' for somethin' t'other day, Bob; seen all hands,

in fact. Lost any thin'i" This was Bob's opportunity. He bawled: "Yes, granp', Moll lost her ring! Stop nakin' faces at me, San' Stiles! I ain't scart of you."
"A ring—what ring? hey—was it gold?"

inquired the old man.
"Talking of gold," began Uncle Dan'l, "in '49, when I was in Californy"—
But a terrific shrick from Bob at that
moment stopped alike the discourse and the dinner. That youth was shut up like a jack-knife, and his face distorted in some "He's swallowed the wish-bone," sug-

zested Sam. "The dear child's choking to death!" cried his mother.

Mollic alone was equal to the occasion. Without a moment's hesitation she threw

sputtered.
"Oh, won't I pay you for that!" he ex-

"Look at her hand she's got the ring

Yes, there she stood, blushing rosy red, but holding out with the determination of a martyr that tell-tale hand on which the wide band of gold nestled confidingly.

"Where did you find it?" from all at

"In the turkey's crop," said Mollie, cooly, "he must have swallowed it just as you dropped it, Sanford."
"Children," said Farmer Hartner, quietly, "jine hands."

Sanford Stiles rose to his feet and reached a stalwart arm across the table. Mollie, with a gentle dignity, laid her hand

in his.

hev suthin' to eat."

"Spoons," yelled Bob. His mother tweaked his ear gently, and his father looked stern, so he concluded; "Can't eat with my fingers, can I! 'Spose I'm out a dollar now after all my grubblin', idin't 'spect that old turkey was agoin' to turn into a jewel box."

But it is not likely that Bob lost the dol-lar. I do not believe in bribes, but some-times they are the best part of discretion. From that day the boy never alluded to "rings," "turkeys" or "big swallows," as he most assuredly would have done if he had not been bought off.

The supress that followed. The supper that followed that dinner was equally imposing. And after it the two lovers sat side by side, and counted apple-seed, and burned paired chestnuts, and popped corn, while their elders told stories and feasted.

Late that night, when Mrs. Hartner was dragging sleepy little Ben, the "tot," up to bed—he having been napping all evening she looked in on her young daughter, who sat dreamily regarding her ring with a sus-pictous moistness in the great blue eyes. "What is the matter, Mollie!" asked her

happy," sighed the

slappy, too - pumme in my 'ittle bed,' chirruped the "tot," as he held up his face to be kissed. And the turkey well, if ever th walked the earth with his head unde his arm, after the

that one must have bosom a peacefu that he had not died in "AND THE TURKEY." MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

A STUDY IN HICKORY. mething About the Best Nut Produce

[Popular Science Monthly.] It is a favorite pastime of our country population during the long winter even-ings to gather round the fire and crack and eat hickory-nuts. It is an amusem too, peculiarly American, and for the simple reason that in this country alone are the nuts to be had in any abundance. Per-haps, where almonds or English walnuts are equally common, cracking hickorynuts is superseded by a resort to the other fruits. They, however, are much easier to open than the bickory-nut, and with thinner shells are readily cracked at the table. But in America, in those dis-

tricts where the peanut does not take the lace of other nuts, the cracking of the hickory still continues. Whether it be the pecan of Texas and Illinois, or the shell-bark or mocker-nut of the Central or Eastern States, the amusement is the same. They are the best nuts the forests of North America produce, and some of them are thought to be superior in flavor to the much-esteemed English walnut. Year after year have hundreds and thousands of bushels of the shell-barks, the hickory-nuts par excellence, been gathered in various parts of the country. Among these, few can have failed to notice the small and nearly round; some are long, narrow and angular; some have thic

shells, and some thin ones, as any one who has cracked his fingers along with the shell can bear witness. According to evolutionary doctrines variability in an important feature is an indication either of a low state of development, or that the organism is in a state o advancement. Various facts show the lat ter to be the case with the shell-bark hich ory. The first stages of the onward march must be sought far back in prehistoric times, for it boasts an ancient if not an honorod lineage. Before the bairy mamnoth roamed the forests of the Ohio valley; before the soil of Louisiana was ye above the ocean's waters; before the Ohio elssippi; before even the Rocky mountain range had been elevated above the waste

of waters, the ancestors of this hickory flourished in the land. HE WAS "TOO ONIST." Why a Thief Returned Two Express Pack ages Which He Had Stolen.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Talking about express robberies," said City Superintendent Stump, of the Amerioan Express Company, "we had a good joke on a thief about six weeks ago. On Van Buren street we have a branch office at which our traffic from the wholesale dis trict is handled. The men are at work there till late at night, and the doors are sometimes left open so that anybody could walk in, though of course our employes ask every man his business, and if he have none invite him to walk out. One evening a vitlainous-looking chap was seen peering in one of the windows, watching the men was particularly directed toward the desk at which one of our boys was scaling some large envelopes. The fellow gazed awhile and then sneaked into the outer office unseen, got down on all fours and crawled up to the desk. When the clerk's back was turned for a moment he grabbed two of the big, thick envelopes, all sealed and addressed and slunk out without attracting any at tention. The loss was not discovered for about ten minutes, but even then there was no excitement, and the police were not notified. The thief meanwhile had probably ran a mile or two and secreted himselfin a lumber-yard for the purpose of counting the currency which posed was in the envelopes. Just before the men got through work that night they saw a package lying on the floor in the outer office. It contained the nissing envelopes. They had been opened but their contents were intact. On the paper in which they had been wrapped was this inscription:

My konshuns trubbles me. Im too onist a man to steel stuff like this. Forgiv me and I'll never do

"The contents of the envelopes! A par cel of promissory notes which we were sending to Kansas City for collection."

Short and to the Point. [Chambers' Journal.] Brief was an epistle of Emile de Girardin to his second wife, with whom he lived on nost unfriendly terms. The house was large enough to permit them to dwell on tirely separate from one another. One day Mme. Girardin had an important com-munication to make to her husband. Taking a small sheet of paper she wrote: Boudoir to the Library: Would like to go to Switzerland." M. de Girardin, imitating her concise style, responded: "The Library to the Boudoir: Go." That was all. One of the most laconic wills on record ran thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor." A simi-lar terse epitaph to the following would

thin shoes, January, 1839." Assurance and Insurance. [Somerville Journal.] In England they call it "assurance." We call it insurance over here, but the Ameri

have suited that will-maker: "Died of

CAN HE REACH THEM?

ome Remarks Regarding the Plumed Knight from Maine and the Independent Voters Who Do Not Believe in It was recently announced through the New York papers that Mr. Blaine was in the city to effect a reconciliation between himself and the Mugwump Times, the haughty Conkling and ex-President Arthur. That the

reconciliation failed may be inferred from the prompt denial by the ubquitous "intimate friend" on Sunday that "That settles it," said the father, "I'se give ye the best I've got 'thout it's her mother, an' I hope ye'll do right by each other an' be happy. Now let's see if we can hev suthin' to eat."

"The settles it," said the father, "I's it was contemplated. But the observant public is used to denials of the reported purposes of the Maine aspirant to the Presidence. dency. These reports are sent out like so many antennæ to feel the public. That Mr. Blaine and his little privy council have considered the feasibility of recovering the anti-Blaine Republicans of 1884 does not admit of question. In reply to the question, will Mr. Blaine be a candidate in 1888? Congressman William Walter Phelps, who is one of Mr. Blaine's closest confidants, just before the latter started on his tour through the States, said: "I don't know, and I don't suppose he does, It's two years yet, you see. You may be sure he won't be unless the minority of the party—those who opposed his nomination last time—ask for it in 1888. They will have to bring him into the field." This utterance indicated which way Mr. Blaine was looking for a pretext to come before the Republ an National convention in 1838. If he could show that the disaffected ele-ments of 1881—the Mugwumps, the stalwarts and the Arthurites—were greedily clamoring for him, his old "first, last and all the time" partisans would have an excuse to nominate him with a whoop.
Unfortunately for Mr. Blaine, the

Mugwump element is an intangible thing. It has no representative leader or organization with whom he can negotiate. It is constituted of independent voters who secoded from the Republican party in 1884 because they individually did not believe Mr. Blaine was a fit man to be President of the United States. They thought that his nomination marked a distinct decadence in the moral tone and purpose of the Republican party. They voted for Cleveland to rebuke what they considered a downward step in the conduct of political affairs. They acted from principle, and the only way the Republican party can recover them is by recognizing their con-scientious objection to Mr. Blaine. To talk of their reconciliation to him is silly. It is possible for him to estab-lish friendly relations with Roscoe Conkling and ex-President Arthur, although there are many lions in the path. But Mr. Blaine can never be any more acceptable to the Mugwumps than he was in 1884.—Chicago News.

The Country Democratic. On the morning after the late election there appeared in the Cincinnati Commercial, editorially, and also repeated in glaring head-lines over the election news, the following legend: "The Next President Will Be the Nominee of the Republican National Convention." Well, let us see. In 1884 the Republicans had 189 Electoral votes, and the Democrats had 212. This year the Republicans have carried the following States to which the fig-ures of their respective Electoral votes are attached: Connecticut, 6; Illinois, 22; Indiana, 15; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 9 Maine, 6; Massachusetts, 14; Michigan, 13; Minnesota, 7; Nebraska, 5; Nevada, 3; New Hampshire, 4; Ohio, 23; Pennsylvania, 30; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 4, and Wisconsin, 11—

The Democrats have carried Alabama, 10; Arkansas, 7; California, 8; Colorado; 3; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Colorado; 3; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Georgia, 12; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 8; Mississippi, 9; Mis-souri, 16; New Jersey, 9; New York, 36; North Carolina, 11; Oregon, 3; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Tennessee, 12; Viccinia, 12; Wast Viccinia Texas, 13; Virginia, 12; West Virginia,

5-total, 212. This seems to show a Democratic majority of 23. To this ought really to be added Indiana, which slippe away from us by a mere scratch. That would make our electoral majority 38, or one more than we had in 1884. Minnesota and Connecticut ought really to be added also, but it would be un kind to make the subject too painful to our Republican friends. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Status of the Territories.

There are eight Territories out West which will be "knocking at the door of the Union," as the poets of the plains put it, one of these days. They all elected delegates to Congress on National issues, and five of them were carried by the Democrats. Arizona, Montana, New Mexico, Utah and Washington will be represented by Democrats, and Dakota, Idaho and Wyoming by Republicans. The elec-tion of a Republican in Idaho is a gain, as, also, is the election of a Democrat in Arizona, the Territorial delegation, in the aggregate, standing po-

litically the same as before.

Perhaps the most noticeable thing about the elections is the fact that Washington has increased its majority for Voorhees, Democrat, a son of Ser ator Voorhees, by more than one thousand votes. Dakota has not exactly taken the advice which was freely of fered it some time ago to give the Democrats a majority once see how quickly it would be admitted to the Union, but for some reason there has been a great falling off in the Re-publican vote there. Montana and Washington appear to be growing in Democracy as they increase in population. If the politicians of Dakota could eliminate from their heads the idea that that Territory is entitled to come in as two or three States it would be possible for the representatives of the two parties in Washington to agree upon some scheme by which it could gain statehood along with one of the other Territories which is Democratic. -Chicago Herald.

-This is the off year in politics. As a rule, elections go against every Administration two years after it is put in power. Even in 1832 an opposition Congress was elected under President Lincoln's Administration. Too much was expected of a new President. Then the disappointment of office-seekers is fresh, and too many sulk in their tents. It is a marked compliment to President Cleveland that his party retains control of Congress on this off year. Very few of his predecessors were so fortunate.—Chair-mm I. M. Weston, of the Minnesota Democratic State Central Committee.

To the Democracy of the country the Star offers its hearty congratu-lations that the citadel of their strength has not been wrested from them either by their ancient enemy or by this sud-den and fierce attack in the rear. New York City is solid for Democracy, and the longing eyes that Mr. Blaine has turned upon the city will find nothing in the returns of the election to afford his ambitious spirit comfort.-N. Y. Star.

The doubling up of the Democratic delegation in Congress from the world moves .- Detroit Free Press. nati Ennuirer

A MANLY EXPLANATION. ostmaster-General Vilas Replies to the Contemptible Slurs and Charges of the

Republican Press. The World's Washington special gives the following explanation from Postmaster-General Vilas regarding his speech at Madison: "It is true." said General Vilas, "that I did make a speech at my home in Madison. The report sent out to the press that I had participated in the contest and assisted in the manipulation of the canvass is wholly false and without the least possible semblance of truth. I did not reach Madison until Sunday night previous to the election. On Monday I spent an hour and a half of the forenoon conversing with friends I hap-pened to meet on the sidewalk and called at the Democrat office for fifteen minutes. It was natural I should call upon my old friends. After I had indulged in a brief call I returned to my residence and there remained until evening. I was asked to address the people in connection with other gen-tlemen, some of them prominent and

well known throughout the State.

"By their courtesy more time was accorded me than either of the other gentleman occupied. It has been the custom, I think, for the last twenty years, in the city of Madison, to close the campaign with a political meeting either on Saturday or Monday evening preceding the election on Tuesday. I do not suppose there has been a half-dozen of these meetings when I was absent and did not have something to say to my friends and neighbors upon the political situation. I had gone home to vote, and was willing to travel 2,000 miles to enjoy the privilege and attest my sincerity to an honest and fair administration of public affairs. In the course of my remarks I spoke commendatorily and specifically upon the President's order issued to Federal office-holders regarding participation in political conventions. I pointed out the evils which had grown up during the ifetime of the Republican party when party nominations were controlled by the office-holding element. I unqualifiedly declared my cordial approval of the President's course and policy in respect to the official dictation and intermeddling of office-holders in directing nominations and manipulating conventions, and the declaration received an outburst of applause indicative of the most hearty approval of the wise and judicious policy of the President.

"I was among my friends, comrades and neighbors, and I looked upon it as a duty to address them when they had been kind enough to extend to me an invitation. There is a wide difference at between addressing an audience at home in a single speech and abandon-ing the duties of an office for a long period of campaigning; there must be a distinction allowed between officers charged with different duties in connection with the service of the Government. There was nothing in the business requiring my attention but the false reports transmitted for partisan ends."

PENNSYLVANIA'S "VICTORY!"

The Man from Maine and His Followers Accept the "Honor" of Having Carried the Keystone State as Champions of the Great Coal Combination, Which a Dem-ocratic Governor Was Fighting. "The course of the Governor of Pennsyl vania in interfering with the monopolistic schemes of the coal combinations in that State has quite naturally greatly incensed them."—

Omaha Bes (Rep.)
"James G. Blaine's triumphal procession through Pennsylvania may not have been necessary, but the result is a Republican ma ority of something like 50,000 or 63,000, and a Democratic Governor will step down and out."— Republican Buren Paragrap'i.

It may not have been necessary for march through Pennsylvania in the interest of the coal combinations, which a Democratic Governor had greatly incencensed, but the combinations re-ferred to were very much afraid that it was. The Democratic Governor who will now step down and out put the issue against the combinations so forcibly and so plainly that it was feared the people of the State could not fail to see it, and seeing it could not fail to indorse the issue as a Democratic movement that promised them relief. So Blaine, with his magnetism, was called to aid and assist the com binations in the choice of a political Governor who will permit the movement inaugurated by a Democratic Governor to go by the board—go the way that all reforms go which are manipulated by the Republicans.

The fight of the coal combinations in Pennsylvania was not really a local one. It was one of National importance and National interest. It will be hard to find a Republican newspaper, or a member of the Republican party outside of the State of Pennsylvania that will indorse the "coal combination" that a Democratic Governor is fighting, and it will be equally hard to find one that did not indorse the action of the combination in fighting the Democratic ticket in that State. nia Democrats were defeated while fighting in a good cause-a cause that the Republican party can not take issue with. If the incense of the combina-tions—combinations which have been decried by men and newspapers of all faith and political complexion, East and West—has been so great that a Democratic Governor of Pennsylvania must give way to a Republican, we fail to see wherein James G. Blaine and his followers can take pride in the forty thousand majority the combinations have secured against the Democrats. And yet the combinations that spent thousands of dollars to beat the Demo-cratic ticket are quite willing to accord the honor of the victory to Blaine and his followers. And Blaine and his followers are quite willing to accept the onor thus conferred -now that the battle has been fought and won. - Des Moines Leader.

An Editor's Brilliant Fancy.

Field Marshal Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. has a very fertile imagination. Some of the most startling works of fiction of the wild West before the war were from his pen. Latterly he has turned the fruits of his imagination into the line of politics, and the last flight of his fancy appears in his declaration that the result of the late election presages the defeat of the Democratic party in 1888. This is the tatest and one of the wild-

est of his imaginings. The rule having been, with one or two exceptions, under remarkable circumstances, that the mid-term elections have resulted in a House of Representatives politically opposed to the President, we have in ese recent elections an exception to the rule, under circumstances not at all remarkable, showing that, contrary to the usual course, the Administra tion has strengthened its party in the first half of its exercise of power. We have simply a reduced majority in place of the complete overtura which occurred in the middle of the term for which President Garfield was elected. and which has generally occurred in mid-term elections in this country. Unless Mr. Halstead sees more than we do in the late elections, his fancy has run away with him. - Boston lier

-Our loss in the House of Repre sentatives was long since discounted. Massachusetts is a great event in the It was made certain by Republican political history of that venerable Com-monwealth. It shows that even there faintest element of surprise - Casia-

-Head of the house (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again? Young man—Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a two-months' gas-bill to collect. Head of the house (in a milder tone)—I see. You will please call again.—Life.

PROP. CHAS. P. WILLIAMS, Ph.D., of Philadelphia, says there is neither morphia, opium nor minerals in Red Star Cough Cure.

TUMBLETUNG, whose opinions are not without weight, notwithstanding his mixed rhetoric, says that a man must be an ass to work like a horse.—Boston Transcript.

Two 1886 Gold Medals.

Messra. Mason & Hamlin again have he honor of having been awarded the highest gold medals over all exhibitors, American and European; both at Liverpool and at Edinburgh, the two most important exhibitions of the year 1886. Since the first great Paris exhibition of 1867, the Mason & Hamlin Organs have invariably received the highest honors at all great world's exhibitions.

THE dudes are very partial to winter be-cause it's such chappie weather, you know. —Boston Transcript.

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